

WAR AND PEACE

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel real anxious and at

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured. "I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass.,

box, addressed to her in her husband's handwriting. It was as if it came from a grave, that awful silence of the sea. For a second she was afraid to touch it and stood with her hands pressed over her heart. She opened the envelope and with one swift motion of her trembling forefinger ripped it open, and read with eyes half blinded by tears:

"The pilot leaves at Scotland Lightship in a few moments. He will take this back to the city. Also an order for your divorce. Should you only hope will go straight. You should see this tomorrow or next day. I am on my knees to you, my wife, for this morning. I beg your pardon; it was not my fault. I have done it all and forget it if you can. Stamp it out of your memory, for it has no real existence against all the rest—all the happy years. Just try and remember these, and love me a little, dear."

"Do not believe the papers—do not read them. Peace may come out of it all yet, and I will try to be good."

A sigh, has need of a plucky wife.

her:
Ours went not to reason why,
(he had sighed at the word, with no time to rewrite.)
"Goodbye, my love. Ah! if I could have held you just for one second and heard you whisper: 'It's all right, I'll wait.' But take our little one. An your arms and look into her eyes—my eyes you've always said—and read there my endless love and honor. Kiss her and bid her close and forgive me, forgive me."
Mrs. Phelps fell on her knees, and, throwing her arms about her baby, began to sing a little a-prod-chu-choo, little girl patted her cheek and crooned to her, the spark of motherhood already alive in her; and Ruth brooded over them both.
At that moment once again the shout came piercingly up from the street below:
"Ex-TRA! Congress will declare war!"
"Ours wife sprang to her feet and shook her fist in the direction of the voice, and, half laughing, half sobbing, she cried:
"It is not war—it is peace, thank God!"

California's Most Unnatural Natural Curiosity.

Without doubt the most remarkable body of water in the world lies in the vicinity of the Colorado river, in southern California. In this region of ugly volcanoes, desolate wastes and slimy swamps, the strangest phenomenon of all is what the naturalists call a "lake of ink." No other description fits so well.

The strange black fluid that forms the lake bears no resemblance to water. It must some day have been a "lake of fire," and even now it tallies excellently with the description of the infernal regions. Thick and viscous and foul smelling, it seems altogether unfit that it should deface the surface of the earth.

The pool of ink is situated about half a mile from a volcano. It is about an acre in area. The surface is coated with gray ashes from the volcanoes to the thickness of about six inches, thus concealing its real nature. A traveler

The Experiment has proved that the ash of the lake is a true poison. It acts as a dye, and cotton goods soaked in it keep their color for months, even when exposed to the sun. The ash also acquires a stiffness similar to that of the alkali, but, as yet, no analysis has been analyzed, but its component parts have not been made known. As to the source of the supply of the lake, nothing definite has been ascertained. Undoubtedly of volcanic origin, but nothing more definite is known. Naturally this remarkable phenomenon has afforded the Indians abundant material for their legends. The Indians, they claim, have gone to death beneath the ashes of the lake, which is 200 yards deep. The lake itself, say the Indians, is composed of the blood of the bad brothers who were cast into their hell amid the volcanoes. And a more impressive hell it would be impossible to conceive. In this rock-land, where the active and dead volcanoes, spouting geysers, boiling springs, a lake of some black, sticky substance resembling ink, craters that blow out only dry ashes, others that belch out fire, and still others that belch liquid and blazing

This is a land that has never been traversed. Human beings have tried it, but they never return to tell of their experience or of their discoveries. Lifeless heaps of bleaching bones can be seen scattered about here and there under the lava strewn surface of the ground. Bones of animals also lie about, telling the story of the fatal wanderings of beasts—Exchange.

Original Names.

Up at New Haven, W. Va., there are so many people named Isaac Roush that a new name was devised. The designated: Big Ike, Gentleman Ike, Spectacle Ike, Ike on the Hill, Ike in the Hollow, Rosa's Ike, Little Ike, Soldier Ike, Lazy Ike, Thirteen Virginia Ike, Siffer Ike, Aunt Cassy's Ike, Drummer Ike, Fourth Virginia Ike, Hartford Ike, Dam-it Ike, Kanawha Ike, Ike Ike, Ike Ike, Ike Ike, Ike Ike, Fiddle Ike, Ten-Mile Ike, Marm's Ike and Aunt Sissy's Ike.